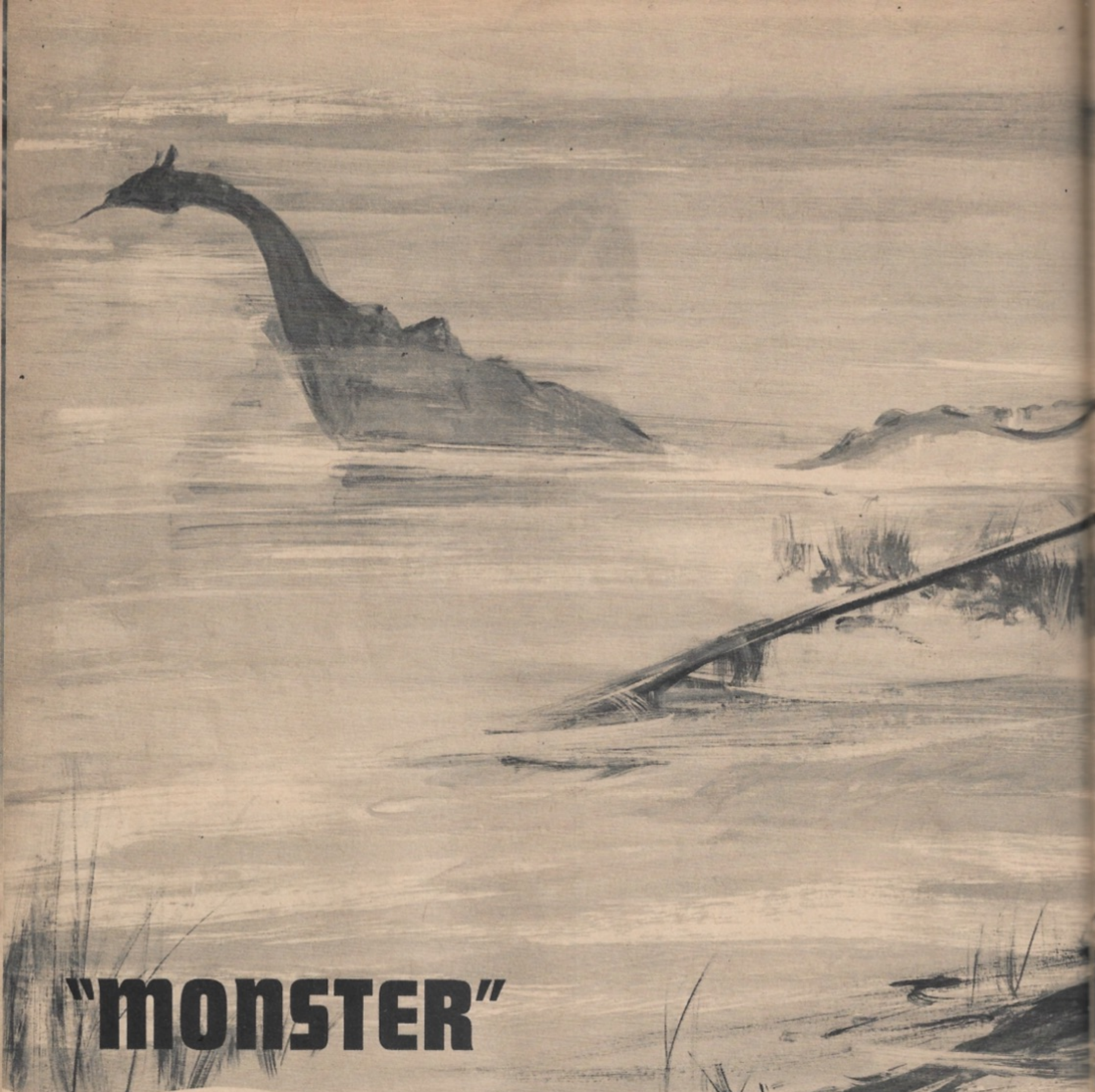


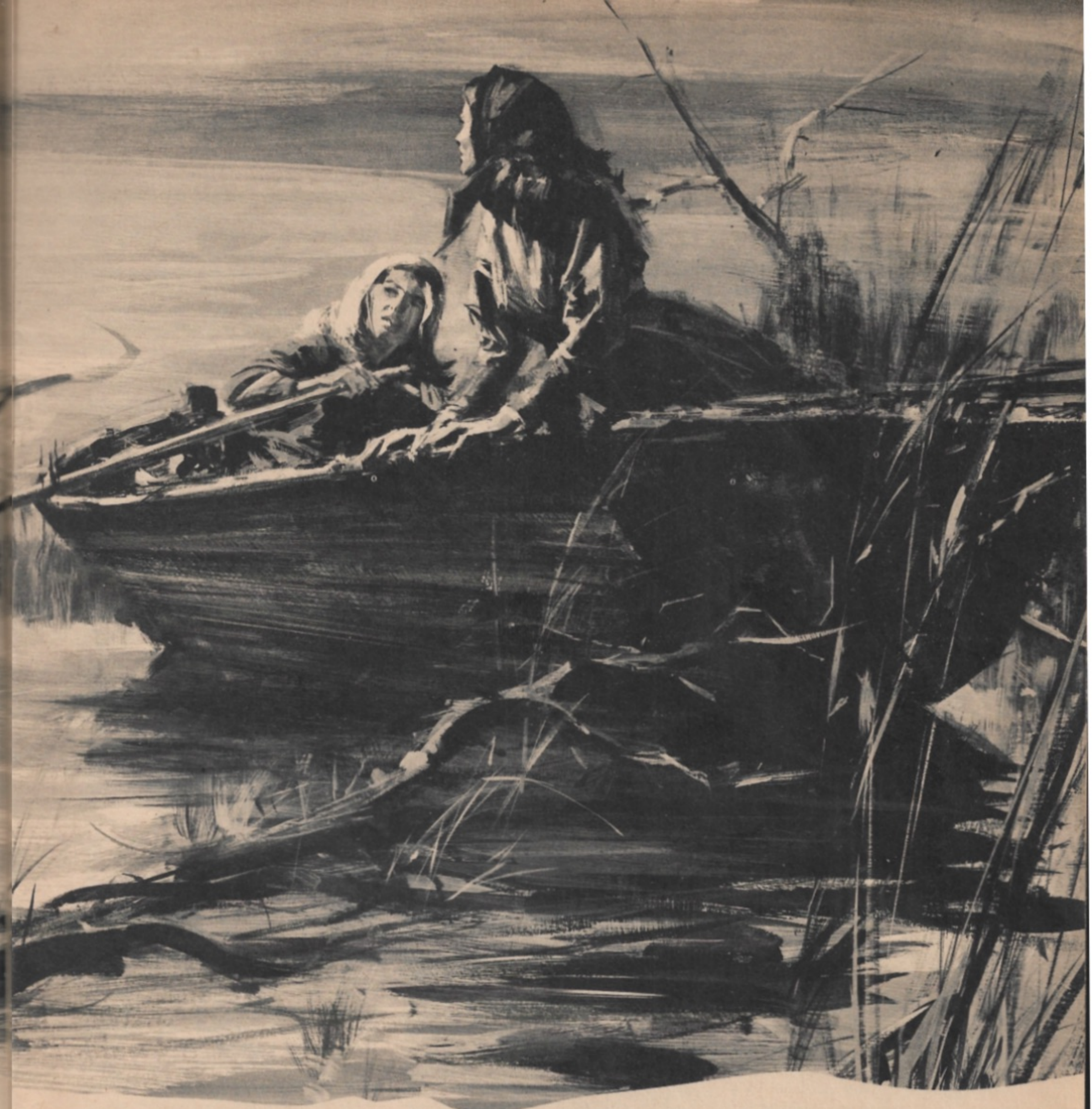


"MONSTER"

HUNTING

By Ivan T. Sanderson

Think the Loch Ness "Creature" is the only one of its kind? Well, we have them also. In fact, there are a whole slew of "Things" scattered across the North American continent, from Alaska to Vermont—and there are expeditions in the field stalking them today!



A whole new field opened up to the sportsman this year—and I mean the real sport's man who takes his hunting in the true spirit of sportsmanship. And for the anti-killing league, it beats bird-watching and camera-stalking. What's more, it seems to be pretty nearly worldwide, although it offers its greatest opportunities throughout our own northern woodlands. And for sheer size, the quarry beats any big game known till now.

What is this fantastic quarry?
"MONSTERS."

Once one of these was filmed, it *had* to be "explained" and, since the first one was filmed *moving*, the whole business boiled down to one simple question—what powered it? To this there can be only one of two answers—namely, a man-made engine, or the physical energy of an animal. The final answer came this

year from the British Royal Air Force's technical aerial photographic experts. One of these creatures, filmed crossing the famous Loch Ness in Scotland, by aeronautical engineer Tim Dinsdale, was shown, without any shadow of further doubt, to be an *animal*. Quite apart from several technical reasons, there was one most obvious reason for this. It created a "V" bow-wave, but *no* prop-wash. Motorboats of similar size (meaning

"MONSTER" HUNTING

continued

that part showing above the surface of the water) filmed from the same spot on a cliff above the lake, and performing exactly the same gyrations and maneuvers, created the same "V" bow-wave, but left a tremendous and clearly-defined prop-wash.

The fame of the "Loch Ness Monster" has overshadowed the much wider potentialities of this new and intriguing sport in other countries, notably our own. However, it has been going on here for years. For instance, a wealthy Swedish lady once employed a professional Norwegian whaler to hunt one in Lake Storsjon in her country for the whole year of 1894; the late Tom Slick of Texas, and Commander Stanley Lee made deliberate onslaughts on the "Things" in Lake Illiamna in Alaska; a group of Britishers fished for another in Malaya; and the Tasmanians have made several attempts to catch one of their Bunyips. But, on the whole, the sport has, until this year, been almost wholly confined to "watching." Now, things have changed radically, and I, personally, know of half a dozen "expeditions" which are currently in the field or preparing to leave on real hunts for this greatest of all "game."

Except in Scotland, the law hasn't caught up with this business, and this presents a real problem. Even the most ardent sportsman seems to feel that these creatures should not be harmed; yet the sportsman has an obligation to scientific inquiry and the acquisition of knowledge about anything on our planet and beyond. It's a difficult question and it will probably take an actual, physical "trophy" to set the wheels in motion that will give us an answer. For, despite the RAF's report, there are still many who are not convinced; and, in any case, one must know what one is dealing with before one can even suggest conservation plans. Still it is a very pertinent question, particularly in this country, because of the really remarkable number of locations where lake monsters have been reported.

Take, for instance, the record of affairs on the Black River, in 1951, near a small town named Lyons Falls, in the Adirondacks, less than 200 miles from New York City.

Wash Mellick, a veteran and an employee of a local paper mill, was out fishing in a small boat when some huge animal rose out of the water about 25 feet away. "It was about 15 feet long,"

he said, "dark brown in color and with a round, tapered body. It had fins like two hands, and its eyes stuck out like silver dollars. I threw stones at it, but it only stared at me."

The wire services further reported that: "A search party tried to capture the creature, (and) consisted of college professors, a State conservationist, and two science students." This was confirmed to the writer by the Mayor of Lyons Falls, James P. Young, whom I contacted because of a most curious statement made later in the news report. It stated: "Old-time residents looked wise today and said they could have told the group of scientists that the monster lurking in the Black River can't be caught in a fish net." It concluded with the classic: "The monster has been reported seen in this isolated section of northern New York three times in the past 10 years, *but always when there was an electrical storm in progress.*" (Italics mine).

It must be clearly understood that there are two quite distinct meanings of the word "monster"—one indicating appearance, the other size. We are using the word to cover both. Also, we are employing it to embrace a considerable range of both, for the descriptions of as yet uncaught and unidentified, freshwater animals of medium to very large size, vary wildly. Thus, though not of great size, the "Thing" of New Hamburg, Ontario, is altogether monstrous from a zoological point of view.

The first intimation I had of this monstrosity landed on my desk in the form of a United Press news-ticker dispatch. It read: "Police Chief George Thomas vowed today he would get the slimy, three-toed monster that is stalking his town's streets by night. Thomas said it hasn't done any harm yet, but he is going to shoot it on sight if he sees it again. After the Chief reported seeing the lizard-like creature last Saturday, it turned out the thing has been around for three years without anybody making a fuss."

This was splendid; but a follow-up news item stated: "More than 20 witnesses, including the Town Clerk and Treasurer, Clayton Ingold, admitted they had seen the monster as long ago (in some cases) as three years, but they said they didn't want to mention it to anyone. 'Our people are religious, quiet folks, and they wouldn't want people to accuse them of drinking,' the Police Chief added."

Further inquiry elicited the facts that this monster was greenish-brown in color, had a scaled tail, was estimated to weigh about 50 pounds, and was four-legged but left *three-toed* foot-tracks. The press "opined" (that awful word) that it lived in the River Nith that passes through this town of 2,200 souls. The Chief had fired at it once but missed and it had "slithered into the river."

The point is, there are *no* 50-pound reptiles [or amphibians] in Canada, and none matching this description with three-toed feet anywhere else.

By way of good cheer, I can't refrain from quoting the Director of Zoology at a certain leading museum, who shall remain nameless, since I don't wish to hold anybody up to public ridicule. He stated for the record "It is more likely a Great Blue Heron, or some other less fearful species!" I have the original statement on file if you don't believe this.

From what has been said thus far, don't think for a moment that freshwater monsters are confined to *our* northern latitudes. There are numerous other "horrors" reported from our south central states and from Florida, and from all around the tropics. Then again, they also crop up in the cold temperate regions of the Southern Hemisphere. But here is a funny thing. When you come to plot the scores of lakes and rivers in the northern belt, which encircles the Arctic polar area, you will note that all of them fall within the vegetational belt known as that of the Boreal Forests, or in southward extensions of this which enter the U.S. due to high altitude—such as the Adirondacks, Montana, and Idaho.

Another important fact which goes far towards putting the whole business on a sound scientific basis is that all these northern animals are reported from clean, deepwater lakes; or rivers entering or exiting from these. In fact, these creatures appear to be boreal cold-water denizens, and the majority are in lakes gouged out or left by the recent (geologically speaking) advances and retreats of ice-caps.

For the benefit of Easterners, who may well be scoffed at, I should mention that Lake Champlain has allegedly been infested since time immemorial by these standard-chassis long-necks.

The publication, *Vermont Life*, which is not given to facetiousness, in its spring issue of 1962, remarked almost casually: "With the break-up of the ice, the famous Lake Monster is due to be

sighted soon again. He was spotted at least four times last year between Shelburne Harbor and North Hero—and by reliable couples. . . Tips on sighting the Monster: keep a lookout in late afternoon, especially in rocky, fairly shallow areas 100 yards or so offshore. First hint may be the noise of a huge body splashing. When alerted the monster(s) will move off at speeds estimated from 10 to 15 miles per hour toward deep water." Of course, one knows Vermonters!

A bit further north there is a delightful little community called Redwood, about seven miles south of Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence. Nearby are numerous small lakes, one named Lake of the Woods. In 1929 a lady, now living in Texas, was out fishing on this lake one morning for bass when she saw her mother's line jerking. Then, as she tells the incident: "I waited for her to hook and reel in. When she didn't, I glanced up and she was staring awesomely at something in back of me. When I looked, I saw the most fantastic creature. We wasted no time pulling anchor and heading for the shore—about 100 feet. It was quite close to our boat and both of us had the same fear—it might upset us. Neither of us spoke until we climbed out on the dock. Then a reaction set in. We still didn't believe what we had seen. This water creature appeared to be about 20 feet; that's all we could see of its length. In color it seemed to be grayish tan, with a head not much bigger around than the neck or front loop of the body, but with a saw-tooth growth along its head and down the length of the neck or body about six or seven feet. It was looking our way and about three arcs were plainly visible. When we started rowing it submerged, causing the calm surface of the water to become real agitated."

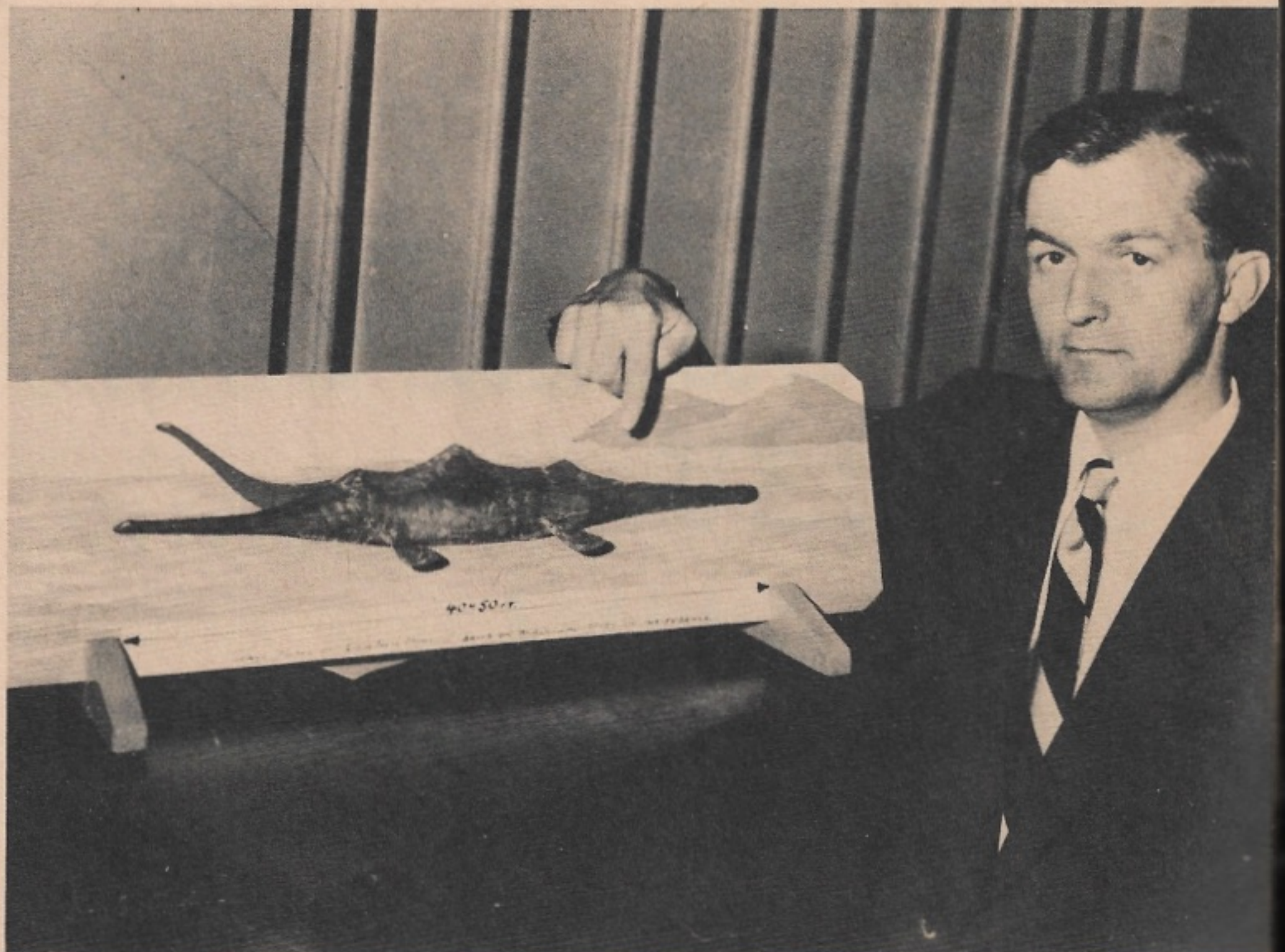
Half the area surrounding this lake was owned by two brothers who said they had seen the creature many times and had once found a sort of slide on the bank. Visitors, they said, had seen it too.

Then there is the continuing "affair" of Lake Pohenegamook or Mocking Lake, in Quebec, about 200 miles east of Quebec City. This apparently goes back for many years, but made the news in a big way in 1958 when a perfectly reputable scientist, Director of the Quebec Department of Game and Fisheries, actually *did* something—something, moreover, that is almost, but not quite,

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Several search parties, like the one pictured above, have spotted the Loch Ness monster recently. Former R.A.F. pilot Tom Dinsdale (below) displays a model of the monster. He claims to have motion pictures of it.



specialist in gynecology. I reviewed the magazine article for him, and then, in the presence of his chief, asked his opinion of its validity.

"Ho!" he said, in a Chevalier-like tone. "What a lot of nonsense! I have examined *hundreds* of women here, and I can assure you that they are no different from women elsewhere."

"So there is no basic difference at all, then?" I asked.

"Absolutely none. What *is* different, I suppose, is their attitude. It is a psychological thing, not physiological."

Now that we have that question out of the way, let's return to Tahitian night life. You've had your dinner, and probably watched a group of dancers performing Tahiti's famed *tamure*, which for sexiness, as well as real beauty, puts any hula to shame. This has made you feel like dancing, so off you go to *the* spot—Quinn's.

This world-famous joint starts jumping at about 10. It's a barn of a place, incredibly noisy, with a combo high above the crowded, horseshoe bar. Three sides of the small dance floor are high-partitioned booths in which men, women, and a few indeterminates carry on uninhibitedly, guzzling and nuzzling and—you name it. The local police try to keep something resembling order, but Quinn's patrons are determined hell-raisers.

There's a single, communal "washroom," which has become a Quinn's trademark. It is a small room, which local wags swear is illuminated by AC-DC current.

You enter through a drapery, rather than a door. Three of its walls are entirely awash with water spilling down from an oddly-engineered flume at eye level. Men are standing lined up along each of those walls. Women walk or stagger past them en route to one of two cubicles, whose doors never quite seem to close.

Before you've been at Quinn's long, you'll hear someone say, "You think *this* is something? Wait till you see the Lafayette!" Stragglers are still arriving, but between 11:30 and midnight, Quinn's closes, and a honking, booze-soaked parade of bikes, motorbikes, Vespas, jeeps and cars roars out of town four miles toward the Lafayette, a rustic roadhouse where dancing and carousing continue until three, when everyone who can, along with many who can't, drives back in the approximate direction of Papeete. A few venture off toward British Columbia, and a few toward Australia. Traffic fatalities are as frequent as you'd guess; it's a night game for the blind, and the losers are usually the cyclists. I advise you take cabs on these nocturnal joints.

If you pictured yourself swimming a lot, and lolling on a sparkling white beach, you'll be disappointed in Tahiti. The guide book, usually reliable but always with its best footnote forward, says "the swimming is just grand." Take my word: it isn't. The 386-square-mile island is guarded by coral reefs, the ocean temperature is usually a comfortable 72, and there's lots of sun, even during the rainy season from December through March. No shark danger to speak of, either. *But*

—except for a very few spots, privately owned and inaccessible to tourists, most of the beaches are drab strips of black, volcanic sand and rock-strewn ooze. Lurking in many of the shallow waters, too, is a spined fish, the *nobu*, and for protection from *nobus*, as well as from rocks and coral, sneakers are suggested—even by the guide book. Ten miles south of Papeete, at Point Punaauia, is a white beach where swimming is good, if not grand. The natives go to the crystalline freshwater pools and rivers for swimming—you can too if you want to hike a bit—and most of the larger hotels now have pools.

Water skiing and skin diving are fairly popular; coral formations and schools of multi-hued fish attract sizable underwater audiences. You can fish, too, or cycle, or climb mountains. Orohena, the highest peak, is 7,352 feet, and has rarely been climbed by non-Polynesians. The first outsider to scale it, in 1952, was a Frenchman, who found a broken human skull and a temple platform at the summit, indicating previous conquerors.

The mood of Tahiti, however, promotes no large-scale indulgence in outdoor athletics; the temptation is to wreck rather than improve one's health. Loaf, laugh, love; wear yourself to a frazzle, then rest till you can start the process once more. It's wacky, and wonderful. It can be dissolute as well, but you tell yourself it's only an interlude, and not forever.

Don't just sit there, now. Don't just daydream. Dial the airline!

★ THE END

"MONSTER" HUNTING

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unique for a person of his standing in the matter of monster-hunting. This Dr. Vadim Vladikov, actually went to the lake area and stated "I have questioned a great many people in Snt. Eleuthere (a large village) and they all describe the same thing—an animal between 12 and 18 feet long, brown or black in color, with a round back two or three feet wide, and a sawtooth fin down the center. Any time anyone approaches close, the animal slithers away and sinks below the lake's surface."

Unfortunately, the good doctor lost his nerve later and stated: "It's probably a big fish, though it just might be something else." I'd like to see a 15 foot fish that comes out on land.

Residents gave other information about the beast. One gentleman named Philip Forest said that when he was 15 years old his future father-in-law had shot at one of these creatures with a .30 .30 rifle but the bullet had just ricocheted off its back. He concurred with

one Donat Lavasseur in that it was at least 35 feet long, gray in color and had a head like a deer without horns. A Mrs. Philip Gage, fishing with her husband on a river that ran into the lake said it, or some other huge thing, stuck nine feet of its body out of the water twice within a few feet of their boat, and remarked that its head was "as big as a rugby football."

One of the most remarkable monster cases in my files was provided by D. Cameron Peck, prominent Chicago industrialist, who owned islands in the Lake of Bays, Ontario. One of these, named Fairview Island, he loaned to the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship for their "Summer Campus in the Woods." From a copy of an affidavit that I have, two students—Betsey Ewing and Gunnar Hoglund—were paddling a canoe, at 3:45 p.m., on a sunny Sunday afternoon, on the 8th of September, 1948, off the north point of Fairview Island, some 50 yards offshore, when they heard a churning

of the water ahead. Then, they observed for a space of about two minutes, a large creature, displaying two triangular humps, heading leisurely out into the lake. It was jet black and rocked back and forth from side to side and created a considerable wake. Both parties swear in this document that they had never heard of any lake monster, or other monster, or even the possibility of such. Mr. Peck wrote me that he had seen a similar creature twice, once by day and once by night, and had interviewed 20 local people who had done likewise over the years.

There have been almost endless reports of similar things in lakes great and small all across the central states, but two are most worthy of note. The first came to me from a lady who recounted an incident that occurred in 1922, which has particular significance in view of the location—the Paint River, in Iron County, in the center of what is called the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. I give this report in the lady's own words in deference to my firm opinion that the average person is sane, intelligent, and honest.

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"I was walking down the hill toward the river to visit a girl friend who lived at the bottom of the hill. A Mrs. Johnson was walking up the hill and we met on a knoll about halfway, which was very near the river. We got a very good look at this animal—both saw it at the same time, and stood stunned, speechless, watching it till it went out of sight. Mrs. Johnson, as if to check on her senses, asked me in Swedish: 'Did you see what I saw?' I assured her that I did. She went on ejaculating in Swedish, very excited, saying: 'It had a head bigger than a pail.' She then made me walk back up the hill to our house, and I had to verify everything (she) said to my mother. My report?: Yes, it *did* have a head much bigger than any pail I knew off; the head stood straight above the water; the body was dark color; the body did not move like that of a snake, *but in an undulating motion* (italics mine). We could see humps sticking out of the water, and I recall counting six of them. How long? This is difficult to recall. It was swimming north up the river between two bridges . . . this distance could be the length of a city block, and this monster must have been nearly half of that distance (length). It submerged under the bridge, but we followed its wake on up the river."

The significance of this report is the *undulating* motion, meaning up and down, which is universal to all of the Longnecks, both in salt and fresh water. Snakes make side to side motions; they can *not* undulate; nor can any other reptiles. Mammals, on the other hand, do; humping along—as in whales and seals.

The other really significant mid-continent case is of quite another ilk. This is a continuing history, more like that of Loch Ness, and concerns the great group of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis, northwest of the Canadian City of Winnipeg.

In 1960, one Prof. James A. McLeod, Head of the Department of Zoology of the University of Manitoba, actually went into the field to look into this continuing affair. He left in a skeptical frame of mind and is quoted as saying, "It might be a Snapping Turtle." But he returned in quite a *different* frame of mind. And he went back again shortly after, to look for bones, because a fisherman named Oscar Frederickson had, some years previously, hauled one out of the lake and had made a wooden copy of it. Professor McLeod not only became convinced that there are some large creatures in this lake-complex, that rush about making eight foot bow-waves, but

he also stated [for the record] that the model of this bone (the original of which was destroyed in a house fire) was, "either made by a person who knew his paleontology, or it was a model of a bone from a creature believed extinct for millions of years." Later, he did even better, stating that "giant reptiles who (sic) lived in the prehistoric inland sea (of that area) could have survived." However, he added, "Of course, we are skeptical, but it is a scientific possibility." An addendum to this delightfully refreshing bit of history was provided by a biologist named Dr. Charles J. Guiget who remarked: "Boards of Trade love these things, but Universities do not go on expeditions looking for monsters." You can say that again, Doctor.

The real "hotbed" for freshwater monsters on this continent is, however, in the Canadian Rockies and their southward extension into Montana and Idaho. Here, there are literally dozens of lakes with which Amerindian myth, legend, and folklore associates monstrous water animals. Among these, and others not specified by the Indians, are several in which white men have said they have seen inexplicables; and there are a dozen or so that have continuing Loch-Ness-

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type traditions that are true perennials.

The best known of these lake-monsters, with probably the oldest tradition of all, is unfortunately, though lovingly, called "Ogopogo" by the residents of the periphery of Lake Okanagan, in British Columbia; the local Indians call it the *Naitaka*. The literature on this critter is not as extensive as that on Loch Ness, but it fills a fair-sized library. However, it is sadly repetitious, in that hundreds of people have reported seeing its long, towering neck and small, rather fearsome head, its barrel-shaped, shiny, dark body, and sometimes its flippers. Hundreds of people have stared at—or been chased—by it, (or them). The sub-heads in a splendid little booklet published by the *Vernon News*, a local newspaper, on this beastie, give the story as of 1952. They read: "Seven Women watch," "Anglican Minister Reports," "Bus Passengers Watch," "At Okanagan Landing," "Pentiction Orchardish Sees," "Five persons," "Stop Car," "Crowd of Watchers," . . . and so on, and on, for 14 pages of small print. At least two reports have reached me, alone, every year, since 1958; and in 1964 there was a positive outburst.

Lake Okanagan is 80 miles long and very deep, but is now a tourist mecca with motorboats dashing about all over the place, and fishermen everywhere. Apparently, however, these aquatic beasts are no more disturbed by man's activities than are deer today alongside super-highways, or dolphins in busy seaports in the tropics.

The same applies to several of the other lakes in this area, though Lakes Shuswap and Cowichan—the home of the *Ta-Zam-a* and the *Tsinquaw* of the Indians, respectively—are not yet quite so humanly infested. Lakes Waterton and Flathead in Montana, however, are. And it is from these that some of the most numerous recent reports have emanated. The monstrous denizens of the former are happily called "Oogle-Boogles"; though don't ask me, or any local resident, why! They have kept boatmen on the Upper Lake—in Waterton Lakes National Park—on the hop for many years.

This is a particularly interesting population of freshwater monsters because it would appear from the records that there is considerable evidence therein of *baby* monsters; something otherwise reported only once—from Loch Ness, in 1937. Reports on these Oogle-Boogles, that have been pouring in for decades, disclose a great range in their size, from an estimated length of 60 feet, down to only four or five feet; while the details of their external appearance also varies greatly, though the general description remains the same. It would take a specialized biological course to make the

significance of these changes in detail with size, intelligible; so all I can do is ask you to accept the fact that they are not inconsistent with, but show close parallels to, what is observed among certain known groups of animals.

Somewhat distressingly, however, and even to "monster-hunters" with zoological training, these growth changes are known only among *invertebrate* animals; not among mammals, reptiles, or other vertebrates. In fact, we here seem to enter the realm of the British zoologist, F. W. Holiday, who has for years been contending that the Irish and Scots Freshwater Longnecks, are the "Great Orme" or "worm" of ancient Celtic legends and pictographs.

In this regard, consider the account given by A. G. Baalim, a prominent businessman of Lethbridge, Mont., who has maintained a summer cottage by Lake Waterton for many years, and who observed a specimen that he estimated to be between 35 and 40 feet long, undulating along the surface and which bore "two horns or tentacles on its head." Then came a tourist-boat skipper named Slim Udahl, and some years later another boat captain, Ron Boyce, both of whom concurred in that the specimens they saw were "four inches in diameter, with three, evenly spaced, thumb-like prongs, about eight inches in length, projecting from (its) back." Needless to say, to this report was appended the (usual) ridiculous rider:—to wit, "It is thought an eel or other sea (sic) creature may have come up to Waterton Lakes through the Saskatchewan river system that drains in Hudson Bay." [I would sure like to see an eel with a diameter of four inches and eight-inch "prongs" on its back; while the passage from Hudson's Bay to Lake Waterton is "quite" a trip!]

Two other lakes within our borders vie with Canada's Lake Okanagan, and even with the famed Loch Ness in Scotland, for first place in monster tradition. These are the huge Flathead Lake in Montana, and Payette Lake in Idaho. Creatures answering the same description as all the other Longnecks, with heads variously described as looking like those of cows on long, slender necks, and with humps behind, and proceeding by an up-and-down motion, making a big bow wave at speed, have been reported almost every year from both of these spots for decades. In the 1960's these reports have come in at an ever-increasing clip; and, in the case of Payette's unidentified; which, incidentally, are said to be yellowish in color, local newspapers have reported their being seen by dozens of people at the same time.

Do not for a moment think that these creatures are confined to the few lakes I have been able to mention, nor to North



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America and Scotland. There are a number of huge things in Lake Iliamna in Alaska, long known to the Indians and Eskimos and seen by Navy fliers, and which several expeditions have been fitted out to hunt. The Russians have reported them from three areas in eastern Siberia, notably on the vast, isolated and as yet unexplored Oimyakon Plateau west of the Sea of Okhotsk; the Swedes have them in several of their deepwater lakes; and in Scotland they are even better known in Lochs Lomond, Shiel, and Morar than they are in the Ness. In Ireland, they have been known for centuries in Lough Ree, and reported from Loughs Mask, Glendalough, Nacorra, Cleevaun, Dub, Neagh, Muck, Bran, and Bray. Several of these are in that strange uninhabited patch of uplands that starts only a few miles south of Dublin, in Wicklow!

Monster-hunting is not yet a profession, but in the last few years it has certainly graduated from the status of a hobby to that of a sport. There is a dedicated and incredibly determined group in Britain, led by one David James, one-time member of Parliament, who have spent thousands of hours manning watching stations around the clock, and in all weather, at set intervals around Loch Ness. They have also spent a small fortune on the effort and have been rewarded with some photos and film. It was David James who pounded away at Parliament to take official cognizance of this phenomenon; and it was he who finally got the Royal Air Force to analyze Dinsdale's film. Unfortunately, the official zoological mouthpiece in Britain—the British Museum—is a part of the established permanent bureaucracy and, thus, cannot move without official sanction. However, several individual scientists have interested themselves in the matter.

The British operation is somewhat awe-inspiring and not only because of its magnitude and the equipment employed, but also for its grim determination in the face of all manner of odds, not least its almost uncanny bad luck. While this is being written, I learn that an *an Nisaeg* surfaced in daylight and almost perfect atmospheric conditions for photography, but so close under a cliff that the cameras could not be focussed on it due to the acute angle and intervening vegetation. Worse still, a month ago, one of the monsters followed a steamer halfway down the loch at close range, but there was no camera aboard while it could not even be seen by the shore-watchers due to a particularly thick example of that local speciality called appropriately a "Scotch Mist."

The American operations are still much more modest; in fact, so much so

that three of the six that I know of will not even allow mention of their efforts for fear of ridicule and because they do not want to be hampered by droves of idiots with assorted hardware. Unfortunately, there are literally thousands of incipient monster-hunters in this country, but their exuberance is the one thing best calculated to offset any serious endeavors.

Currently, however, it can be said that a Captain Lee of Kodiak, Alaska, together with the well known nature photographer, Leonard Rue of New Jersey, made still another stab at the monsters of Lake Iliamna this past summer; in British Columbia, one René Dahinden, a mountaineer and forester, is investigating a number of lakes in his area while on his continuing survey of their local "giant hairy men of the woods," otherwise known as "Sasquatches," and there are two young men, Warren Lee and David Henderson, both from New Hampshire, who are off on a long-range, continuing investigation of *all* the lakes on this continent from which reports have been received, which they propose to pursue without time limit. They are currently concentrating on Payette Lake in Idaho, and what they are bringing to light is really astonishing. That so much can be reported and in print right under our noses, as it were, and yet be totally ignored for half a century leaves me speechless and almost, for once, without words. Two other outfits are working just north of the Canadian border, and another, also on a continuing basis in the coastal ranges of our northwest. Still another is in Mexico.

Some wag once remarked that the only real difference between the British and the Americans is that the former always have a dozen good reasons why one can't do anything, while the latter usually have a dozen equally good ones why one *can*. I must say, I wish *our* enlightened administration, and also that of Canada, would take some action now, and before we have a repetition of the completely crazy sequence of events about Sister Lakes breaking out all over the country. The James outfit will be hard at work in Scotland this summer. Let us just suppose that they "get" something concrete. There are no laws against monster-hunting; but, there aren't any regulations either. It might be wise to make provision in advance for the protection not only of the poor monsters, but of the local citizens, and also the already overworked police and sheriffs. Whether we like it or not, we've got a new outlet for man's hunting instinct, and, knowing the enthusiasm of our citizens, I strongly suggest we do something about it before it gets out of hand.

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